

Who I Am

by Shaded Truths

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Summary: A month after the defeat of the Red Death, those closest to Hiccup seem to notice something holding him back. Something that has caused a tension to bubble to the surface. Enough so that he can't even look his own father in the eye. An outburst at Astrid prompts Hiccup to finally have a conversation that he should have had long ago, but will it fix anything?

Who I Am

\*\*Another one people, look out. This one is a bit darker like All The Things They Said, but this one focuses on Hiccup and his father. I worked really hard on this and I hope that you guys enjoy it immensely. When you're done please leave a review. ATTTS only got 4 but it has 12 favorites so please comment on it. I tried to keep them in character so sorry for any OOCness you may find. \*\*

\*\*Enjoy.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><span>Who I Am<span>

Hiccup let out an exhilarated cheer as he and Toothless went into a dive. Hiccup was grinning broadly as the wind gusted through his hair and the loose parts of his clothing. With a tug on the saddle and clicking of the pedal, teen and dragon leveled out. With a quick, jerking break, they started to coast through the air. Hiccup smiled as he looked out onto the horizon and watched the sun rise higher. He had been woken a couple of hours ago by Toothless. The silly dragon decided that he wanted to jump on the roof, create some noise, and knock a few shingles loose while he was at it.

It had been about a month since the clash with the Red Death and Hiccup was happy to see that the Viking's of Berk had seemed to accept the dragons that now wanted to be their companions instead of

bitter enemies. Hiccup's life especially had changed. No more of 'Hiccup the Useless'. Since that fight, the other teens acknowledged him and included him unlike before. And while nothing was definite, he and Astrid seemed to have something good starting, not that there had been anything really romantic since the time she kissed him after he woke.

"Alright, bud, I think we need to get back," Hiccup told his best friend as they strayed further from the island.

Toothless crooned what could have been an 'okay' before allowing Hiccup to turn them around. As they approached the village, Hiccup could see other dragons flying about, in some cases villagers chasing them or watching them. As they landed a few of the Viking's approached. Always captivated by 'Hiccup's' Night Fury. Hiccup would never see Toothless as his anything other than best friend. Toothless sat there as a couple of children tip toed and patted one of his legs before giggling and running back to their parents. Hiccup sighed and got off of the saddle as some of the adults came by to look.

Toothless looked over at Hiccup as he got down. With a pat to the dragon's head, Hiccup started walking into the village. Toothless was quick to get away from his admirers and to catch up with his human. The Night Fury might have been an animal, but he wasn't stupid, he could feel an air of apprehension and uncertainty tinged with a little sadness and the smallest hints of anger. He nudged Hiccup in the back and sniffed.

"What is it?" Hiccup asked as he looked back.

Toothless noticed all the negativity disappear when Hiccup looked at him, but was aware that it would come right back, and let out a small whine and nudged Hiccup's chest with his nose before looking up at his face in question.

"I'm fine, bud," Hiccup assured with a smile as he kicked his prosthetic leg out. "See, it stopped really bothering me a week ago."

Toothless' ears drooped as he gave Hiccup the dragon equivalent of a 'you know that's not what I meant' look.

"Seriously, I'm okay," Hiccup said softly before scratching Toothless under the chin. "I need to go to Gobber's. He needs work done and I can't skip out on apprenticing can I? I'm not sure why you're so worried lately."

In a few minutes the two made it to the blacksmith and Hiccup immediately threw himself into his work. Toothless curled up into a corner and watched Hiccup repairing swords and shields that didn't have any real use anymore. Neither commented on the fact that Gobber was nowhere to be found while Hiccup worked.

It wasn't until long after the sun had set that Hiccup finally decided he was done. He closed everything down and led them back to his house. He opened the door and they both walked inside.

"Where've yeh been, Hiccup?" Stoick asked as he looked up taking off his boots. "Haven't seen you around all day."

"Oh, um, hey Dad," Hiccup replied in his stutter way which caused Toothless to look back and forth between the two. "I was riding with Toothless earlier then got busy at the forge."

"Why were you there?" Stoick inquired with a raised brow as he took off his helmet. "We haven't needed our weapons since the war ended."

"I just wanted to keep busy, working out my leg and all," Hiccup said as he kicked his leg out lightly, not looking his father in the eye. "Besides, I had more ideas for the pedal on Toothless' saddle."

"I see," Stoick mumbled.

He looked at the pair at the door, Toothless' eyes moving back and forth between them and narrowing slightly. Hiccup looked off to the side and grabbed his forearm. The silence kept going and the atmosphere seemed to get heavier and heavier as time slipped by.

"Uhâ€| So," Hiccup began despite the tension. "I'm really beat so I think I'm gonna go to bed."

"Oh, yes, yes, okay," Stoick replied, breaking the tension.  
"Goodnight, son."

"Night, Dad," Hiccup mumbled as he almost sprinted up to his room.

"Hiccup," Stoick called, swallowing a nervous lump that if anyone accused him of having, well thenâ€|

"Yeah," Hiccup said, eyes forward, not even looking back.

"Are you alright?" he asked concerned.

Hiccup actually turned to look at him with a cocked eyebrow.

"I'm fineâ€| Why?" he asked, looking utterly confused.

"You've seemed kind ofâ€| Off since you killed the Red Death," Stoick explained. "You haven't really been yourself for a couple weeks now."

Hiccup only looked more confused as his dad talked.

"I have?" Hiccup asked. "I don't think so, dad, I'm fine, don't worry about me."

"You're my son, I'm always going to worry," Stoick said as Hiccup turned back around.

Hiccup winced at his father's words as a knot seemed to form in his throat; so he just nodded and went up to his room.

Toothless didn't see the flinch, but he did see his rider's hands clench as Stoick spoke. His pupils narrowed to slits as he watched Hiccup's back disappear up the stairs. He looked over at Stoick who sighed before plopping himself down on his chair. He ran a hand over

his face and looked over at the dragon, whose pupils widened again.

"I don't suppose you know what's going on?" Stoick sighed,

Toothless let out a small whine before drooping his ears and slowly walking up to Hiccup's room.

\* \* \*

><p>The next morning, Hiccup wasn't woken by Toothless for once. He sat up, mildly confused at that fact, when he was met with his dragon's eyes staring at him from the foot of his bed.</p>

"Toothless is something the matter?" Hiccup asked as he swung his legs over onto the floor.

Toothless just let out a small growl as his eyes seemed to light up. Hiccup laughed as the dragon trotted to his side and gave him a lick on the side of his face.

"Oh, so you just wanted to let me sleep for once," Hiccup said as he rubbed the side of Toothless' head. "Thanks bud. Let's go, we gotta meet up with the others."

He got up and Toothless followed him out of his room and down the stairs. He seemed normal for the first time in weeks, the sight made his dragon happy. Until it all came crashing down.

"Son," Stoick called as he walked into the house. "Mornin. I see you got up finally."

"Yeah," Hiccup said, suddenly tense. "Toothless let me sleep in for once."

Stoick nodded as he walked by. Toothless perked when he saw that the man was lugging a net full of fish with him.

"Want breakfast?" Stoick asked as he set the net down on the table.

"Uh, thanks, but no," Hiccup told him, not even looking in his direction. "I have to go meet the other's they want me to show them some flying things."

Stoick looked at him as he grabbed Toothless' saddle when the Fury tried to go for the fish. Their eyes locked for a second, but Hiccup tensed, panicked, and looked away. He pulled on Toothless and led him to the door.

"Let's go, bud, I'll get you some while we're out," he whispered as they went out the door.

Toothless crooned in approval, excitedly jumping forward and crouching in front of the teen to allow him on the saddle.

Stoick looked on sadly as they took off into the sky.

\* \* \*

><p>"Snotlout, that's not how you're supposed to get Hookfang to work with you," Hiccup sighed as he face palmed.</p>

When he had met up with the other's they went on a leisurely flight, not too eager for so much work that day. They landed in the former arena and now Snotlout was trying to get Hookfang to do something stupid.

"If I tell him to drink this water, then spray it at Tweedle Dumb and Tweedle Dumber over there, than he's gonna do it," Snotlout said, glaring at his cousin, and the twins alternatively.

"Hah," Tuffnut said, pointing at his sister. "You're Tweedle Dumb."

Astrid and Hiccup both face palmed as Ruffnut told her brother of his folly. This lead to a fight to break out between the two as their Zippleback watched.

"Why is Snotlout mad at them this time?" Fishlegs asked as he rubbed his Gronkle, Meatlug, on the belly.

"The twins used their dragon to set his pants on fire this morning," Astrid sighed as Hiccup just watched Snotlout and Hookfang.

"Well if you had to listen to his singing in the morning, then you would too," Ruffnut said as she and her brother walked over to him.

"I thought it was of our sheep dying," Tuffnut said, causing the rest minus Hiccup to laugh.

Astrid noticed how quiet Hiccup was being, but said nothing, seeing as they weren't alone. She decided that if the chance arrived, she would ask. She followed him with her gaze as he walked over to Hookfang and Snotlout. Snotlout was glaring at Hookfang, who kept away from him.

"Get over here, Hookfang!" Snotlout yelled as the Nightmare climbed onto the wired enclosure above them.

Snotlout didn't notice as Hiccup walked by him. He went to stand under where Hookfang was and smiled at him. The dragon eyed him before his eyes flashed in recognition. Just like in the final exam, Hookfang climbed down onto the ground and in front of Hiccup, but unlike before, there was no malice, so when Hookfang nudged his stomach, Hiccup patted his nose and started to scratch his head.

"What the hell?" Snotlout moped as he watched with a milder glare. "Of course he comes for Hiccup."

"Well, Hiccup is the first Viking to ever train a dragon, so it would stand to reason that he is good at it," Fishlegs said, secretly happy to have Snotlout shown up.

"He has to be good at something I guess," Snotlout muttered as he walked over to the other teens and dragons.

"Did you seriously just say that?" Astrid asked as she narrowed her

eyes, behind them all Toothless did the same thing.

"What?" Snotlout replied, shrugging. "Even he has to have something he's good at, I mean he could never fight or anything, why do you think we all called him Hiccup the Useless."

Hiccup could hear every word that was being said and normally he would just roll his eyes and shrug off the tactless comments, but something about it this time made him pause. He frowned as he stopped his ministrations on Snotlout's dragon.

"We weren't fair," Astrid told Snotlout. "None of us were."

"We weren't?" Tuffnut asked. "I thought we always made fun of the runts."

Toothless turned his glare on Tuffnut as Ruffnut elbowed him in the gut.

"Justâ€| saying," he wheezed.

Do they even remember I'm here? Hiccup asked himself as he looked back at them. I'm not Hiccup the Useless anymore butâ€|

"Did you hear that his Dad disowned him before everything went down?" Snotlout tried to whisper, but dreadfully failed. "Can you imagine what would have happened if Toothless didn't come to rescue him when Hookfang tried to roast him?"

You're not a Vikingâ€| You're not my son.

"That's none of your business," Astrid hissed, looking over to see Hiccup pretending he couldn't hear them. "One more word and I'llâ€"

"Hey, Snotlout, Hookfang wants to see you," Hiccup called, pulling them out of their not so hushed conversation.

"What?" Snotlout asked, whipping his head over, slightly guilty looking. "Oh, yeah, coming."

Snotlout walked over to them, looking cocky as always, before his face suddenly met the floor. The twins burst out laughing and Fishlegs and Astrid snickered as Snotlout pushed himself up. He noticed a black tail slithering away from him. He turned to follow it and was met with a glare from a not so amused Toothless directed at him.

Snotlout shivered before he sped walked away from the irate best friend of the person he was just bad mouthing.

Hiccup and he quickly switched places and Hookfang started to nuzzle Snotlout instead. With barely a glance back, Hiccup made for the exit of the arena. The others noticed his sudden desire to exit and watched as Toothless' ears drooped and he trudged after his friend.

"Uh, Astrid," Fishlegs nervously started. "Don't you think Hiccup's a bitâ€|off?"

Astrid sighed and looked over at him and the twins before nodding.

"He's been like this since a little bit after the Red Death," She confirmed. "It's been getting worse."

"I didn't notice anything wrong?" Ruffnut put in.

"Of course you wouldn't you're not smart enough to understand a man's problems," Tuffnut insulted, earning a hit to the stomach and a kick to the face.

"And what pray tell would his problem be?" Ruffnut asked as she dusted her hands off.

"Who knows," Tuffnut replied nonchalantly as Astrid went the way Hiccup did, her dragon, Stormfly following her.

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><p>"Hiccup!" Astrid called.<p>

Hiccup stopped and waited for her to catch up, Toothless stopping right beside him.

"Are you okay?" she asked him.

She wasn't sure what to expect as an answer but it certainly wasn't what she ended up receiving. Hiccup's teeth clenched, his hands balled, and he let out a hiss.

"What? What is this?" he almost yelled as he rounded on her, eyes bright with a simmering fury that had long been buried. "First Toothless, then Dad, now you? Why does everyone think there's something wrong? There isn't! I'm fine! Why can't everyone just see that they don't have to be concerned about me? I'm not some glass figure that needs to be constantly checked up on!"

Astrid just stared, wide eyed, as Hiccup had his outburst. He heaved as he glared at her when he finished. He closed his eyes and took a calming breath. His body relaxed and he opened his eyes back.

"Sorry about that, Astrid," Hiccup said as Toothless puffed his hair once, causing Hiccup to reach up to rub his head. "It's justâ€¦ getting a bit old with everyone interrogating me."

"Hiccup," Astrid said no hint of nonsense. "That's bull and you know it."

"Oh come onâ€"

"No!" Astrid firmly interrupted, face becoming hardened and eyes narrowed, piercing, and glaring. "The fact that you have this rage right now; the fact that almost everyone can see that there is something up; proves that there is something up with you. You're repressing whatever it is and it's not healthy. You need to figure it out and do whatever you need to in order to get past it."

Hiccup opened his mouth to reply, but wasn't going to be allowed a word.

"I dare you to tell me I'm wrong," she challenged with a determined glare.

Hiccup matched her glare with one of his own. He opened his mouth again to say exactly that, but nothing came out. With a sharp exhale, the tension left his body and he slumped. Astrid's gaze decreased in intensity at the action. Hiccup's fists clenched and unclenched repeatedly and he breathed deeply to try to relieve the tension that was trying to build right back up again.

"I know you're right," Hiccup admitted, tension returning, his fists ending in a clench.

Toothless bent his head down next to Hiccup's. Hiccup just put his hand on his head and lightly pushed it back.

"Sorry bud, but I'm not in the mood you need me to be in right now," he told the dragon, who let out a sad croon.

"Soâ€|" Astrid said as she crossed her arms. "What are you gonna do now?"

Hiccup couldn't help the twitch in the corner of his mouth as he thought about the last time she asked him that. But the twitch was just that and his mouth fell back into a frown, before he sighed and looked Toothless in his big, green eyes.

"Hey Toothless, would you mind waiting with Astrid for a little bit?" he asked the dragon.

Toothless seemed to look questioningly at him before shaking his head, causing Hiccup to sigh.

"I need to do this alone, Toothless, please," Hiccup pleaded.

Toothless whined again and looked at him before trudging over into the grass and walking in a circle before laying himself down. He looked up at Hiccup, reluctantly agreeing to wait.

"Thanks bud," Hiccup said before turning his back on them and walking into the heart of the village.

"What are you doing?" Astrid asked as he was still within earshot.

"Having a conversation that I should have had a long time ago," Hiccup replied cryptically as he continued to walk.

\* \* \*

><p>"I don't know what to do, Gobber," Stoick moaned as he put his head in his hands.<p>

After Hiccup left with Toothless, Stoick decided that he had no appetite and needed to go to where he always went for advice, Gobber.

"Aye," the hook handed man agreed with a sigh. "Most of us have

noticed it. Something has been eatin at the boy for a while now."

"Do you have any ideas?" Stoick hoped.

His hopes were crushed as Gobber shook his head.

"No clue, he rarely talks to me either."

"Do you think you can try to talk to him for me?"

Gobber gave him a bored look in response.

"Sorry, Stoick but I'm not his parent."

"You're right," he apologized. "If only his mother were here, I know she would be able to understand him."

"You're still on about that?" Gobber asked.

"We may have pretty much changed our whole way of living in the last month but it doesn't make it any easier to understand that boy."

"I think you need to just keep trying," Gobber advised.

"Maybe," Stoick resigned. "But you know how I amâ€‘ Impatient, and if you ever tell anyone I said that, you can kiss your tongue goodbye,"

Gobber only rolled his eyes at the threat.

"We've been talking about this all day, Stoick, maybe you just need to go home and get some sleep, maybe you can think better with a fresh mind."

Stoick sighed as he stood up from the table in his friend's house.

"Thank you, Gobber."

"Not a problem," he replied jovially. "I hope things work out, Stoick."

"Me too Gobber, me too."

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><p>Hiccup sat in his dad's chair as he waited for the man to get home. In his hand he held a small mirror. One this size was really meant to be used as an aide when shaving, but hello, Vikings. Who among them shaves?<p>

He had started a fire in the fireplace as the sun went down, because if he was going to have it out with his dad, then they needed to be able to see each other.

He sat back down and looked at his reflection. He couldn't help but grow the slightest bit frustrated.

Who am I even looking at? He thought to himself. How much longer

can this last. They will learn what they need soon enough to deal with the dragonsâ€œ thenâ€œ It'll beâ€œ

His thoughts were interrupted as the door opened. Stoick froze as he saw Hiccup leaned over in the chair, staring at a reflection of himself.

"Hiccup," Stoick called.

"Hey, dad," Hiccup softly replied, not looking up.

"Where's Toothless?" he asked, noticing the distinct lack of the dragon, thinking it strange, seeing as he followed his son everywhere.

"I asked him to wait with Astrid and Stormfly," Hiccup answered, eyes moving from the reflection to the floor in front of him.

"Uh, can I ask why?" Stoick asked apprehensively as he stepped further into the house.

Hiccup slowly looked up and into his father's eyes for the first time in weeks. There was something there that Stoick couldn't quite describe.

"I think it's time we talked," Hiccup announced as he stood up, fingering the mirror in his hand.

Stoick felt a lump grow in his throat for the second time in two nights.

"Talk about what, son?" Stoick asked for clarification, having a good inkling on where this was going.

He was both apprehensive and eager for this conversation. Hopefully by the end of the night, Hiccup would be back to his normal, Hiccup-like self.

Hiccup squeezed the mirror in his hand at the word son, the word that seemed to affect him the most for the past few weeks.

\_You're not a Viking, You're not my son.\_

Hiccup lifted the hand with the mirror and with a speed that even caught Stoick by surprised, chucked it in his father's direction. Stoick stood wide eyed as the mirror missed him and hit the wall behind him. He didn't look back but he could hear the shattering of the glass and the thud the frame made when it hit the ground along with the tinkling of the glass shards that fell with it.

"That," Hiccup said, heaving at the small exertion of his anger. "That... and all of this," he finished by gesturing to himself and Stoick.

There was a moment that followed this outburst that they were silent. Stoick broke the silence by sighing in resignation and taking off his helmet.

"You're angry," he stated bluntly.

Hiccup let out a bitter laugh at that.

"Yes," he said softly. "I'm angry... and confused... and frustrated... and..."

"How can I help you, son?" Stoick asked as he set his helmet down.

"See," Hiccup almost shouted, growing a tad fidgety. "That word right there, son. That's what's bothering me right now."

"Okay," Stoick placated, stepping closer, only to have Hiccup move past him.

Hiccup looked at the pile of shattered glass from the mirror.

"You know, in some cultures," Hiccup began darkly. "The breaking of glass can symbolize how fragile life is... how... impermanent."

"I see," Stoick replied nervously, eyeing the back of Hiccup's head. "Does this have something to do with what you're feeling? Why that word is bothering you so much?"

"I don't know," Hiccup sighed as he ran a hand through his hair. "For years, \_years, \_I tried all I could to get your approval. As stupid as it is for me to admit, I was just like every other boy. I wanted my dad to be proud of me."

"I am proud of you, Hiccup," Stoick assured him, reaching out to grab his shoulder.

"But you weren't," Hiccup said, turning back around to face him and dodging the hand. "If I remember correctly some of the most common things for you to say were along the lines of 'every time you go outside, disaster falls,' or, 'I need to clean up his mess,' Do you know how that felt for me to hear that all the time? It hurt, like hell."

Stoick ignored Hiccup's language but opened his mouth to comment.

"Not yet, please," Hiccup harshly dismissed, blocking him with a swipe of his hand through the air. "It was bad enough that I was doomed at birth. I mean hello! Hiccup! The runt!"

Stoick closed his eyes as the guilt he had always felt came crashing upon him like a tsunami, knocking him around inside.

"Butâ€œ! Despite all you said, all you did, how little faith you had in me, I already forgave you for it," Hiccup said, shocking Stoick to his guilt ridden core. "Because when I get down to it, my problems don't stem from you, dad."

"I'm gonna stop you there Hiccup," Stoick interrupted, holding up a hand to keep him from speaking more. "That is where you're wrong. I know I haven't been the father I should have been, especially after you're mother passed."

Hiccup continued to stare at his father as he continued to voice himself, something that Hiccup knew made him uncomfortable, as it did

the same to him. He lowered his hand and his gaze flickered to the side before going back to his father.

"You have always needed me, whether either of us knew it or not," the chief continued. "I am a big reason for the problems you're having now. I know I am, and I need to admit that, you have always needed something from me thatâ€|I never knew how to give and I'm sorry for that."

"Dad," Hiccup choked, struggling to breathe through the imaginary weight on his chest. "Just because you didn't know how doesn't mean that you can't try, becauseâ€| like it or notâ€| you are my dad."

Stoick let out a little laugh at that.

"Whoever said I don't love being you're father?" he asked rhetorically.

Almost immediately Stoick realized his folly as Hiccup frowned and looked away, similar thought running through their minds simultaneously.

You're not a Viking, You're not my son...

"Technically you disowned me," Hiccup whispered while Stoick looked downcast. "But dad, I already forgave you for that. I told youâ€| I already forgave all of it."

Stoick was gob smacked for the second time in ten minutes as he watched Hiccup kneel down to pick up the glass.

"You're a lot like your mother, you know," Stoick said with a small smile. "You have an evolved version of her wit. Her smarts. Butâ€| you also forgive and understand people like she did. And I'm sure she is looking down on you and beaming with pride. Probably rubbing it in to the other dead people wherever she is too."

Hiccup stopped from piling the glass all up to laugh slightly at his dad's comparison.

"I'm a lot like you too dad," Hiccup assured him as he picked up all the glass and stood. "I'm stubborn, but if I hear you say that to anyone else there will be consequences, we both care a lot, but will never say it out loudâ€"Gah!"

Hiccup's comparison was cut short as his prosthetic caught on a floorboard, sending him to the ground, glass in his hands imbedding itself into both hands.

"Son of aâ€|" Hiccup hissed as he quickly got back up to his knees.

Blood had already started to run down both of his hands as Stoick rose and grabbed a large cloth hanging in front of the fireplace.

"Come here, Hiccup," he whispered, grabbing Hiccup's hands by wrapping them lightly in the cloth before he walked him over to the chair and sat him in it. "Come here, let me see that."

Stoick quickly went across the room and rooted through a shelf, coming back with a tool that he could use to pick the glass out of Hiccup's hand and a roll of bandages. Hiccup watched quietly, eyes in a sort of exhausted daze as Stoick got down to his knees in front of him and started to pick the pieces of glass out, dropping the pieces into a bin he pulled in with him.

"Beforeâ€œ| " Hiccup started, getting his father's attention. "Before the mess with the end of the warâ€œ| I was Hiccup the Useless. It wasn't a great name, but at least I knew who I was thenâ€œ| but I don't feel that anymore. I meanâ€œ| I have what I wished forâ€œ| Berk and the dragons are living in peace togetherâ€œ| I have friendsâ€œ| .a best friend that understands and accepts meâ€œ| I may even have a girlfriend soâ€œ| ..whyâ€œ| ..Why do I feel so lost?"

All laid out in the open. Stoick realized that they had finally arrived to the core of Hiccup's turmoil. He paused after finishing one hand and took the question in. Hiccup, his son, didn't know that he had a place anymore. Suddenly it became clear to him. Hiccup had been the first to learn about the dragons, and that makes him everyone's heroâ€œ| But, what happens when the people learn what Hiccup knows?

"You're afraid," Stoick started and Hiccup winced. "You're afraid that you won't have a place anymore. You feel as though you're tolerated because the village needs you. Hiccup, we all have had to change after the Red Death incident. I think that after 300 yearsâ€œ| We all needed it. Before it was easy to single you out as weak and a failure simply because you weren't 'hulking and strong' like a 'real Viking'.

Hiccup smiled at his father's first real parental assessment.

"I will always be proud that I didn't smell like a 'real' Viking at least," he goaded playfully causing Stoick to reach a hand up and stroke his hair.

This time Hiccup allowed it and moved his now bandaged hand around as Stoick worked on the other one.

"I guess I just want to know who I am and where I'm going, and be alright with that," Hiccup summed up, completely serious again.

"Well Hiccup," Stoick said as he picked the last of the glass out and started wrapping his other hand. "I'm not that smart, but even I know that that can take a lifetime to figure out, but you know what, if it ends up being a long hard journey then strap in, because I'll take that ride with you."

"Then..." Hiccup began. "I guess I'm okay with being a...work in progress."

Stoick stood up and Hiccup followed. He flexed his hands, testing to see if he could feel anymore glass inside, when he couldn't he dropped his hands to the side and looked up at his dad.

"Thanks Dad," he said before doing something that shocked them both. "For everything."

Hiccup walked forward and wrapped his arms around his dad's torso. Stoick got flustered for all of a second before relaxing and returning the embrace.

"I should thank you too," Stoick said as they separated. "For opening all our eyes. If it weren't for you! We might not even be here right now."

"Aw, dad," Hiccup said as he walked to the door. "I didn't do it by myself you know."

"Yeah, but still, I'm being a proud dad."

"Yeah, you are," Hiccup said as he smiled at him. "I feel better now. All the anger's gone. Everything else too."

Stoick just smiled as Hiccup opened the door.

"Now, I'm gonna go get Toothless, then we will come back, and eat that fish you caught this morning," Hiccup told him as he stepped outside and closed the door.

Stoick's smile grew at the closed door, Hiccup was back to normal, and really he couldn't ask for anything else.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>And there you have it. Drama, hurt, comfort, some friendship. All in a days work. Again, I apologize for any grammar mistakes, Also for OOCness, oh and about the Red Death, I don't care if it was Green Death in the books. I am going by the movie. So please don't harass me. Okay, I hope you liked it, please commentreview, I really want to know what you guys think. Until next time.\*\*

\*\*~Shaded Truths~\*\*

End  
file.